



Twas the Night Before Christmas

An irreverent rendition of a timeless classic
by Pete Heineman, Omaha Pipes and Drums

Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house,
Not a piper was piping, “Thank God” said the mouse;
The kilt hose were hung by the chimney with care,
In hopes that St. Nicholas would burn every pair;
The drummers were nestled all snug in their bed,
While visions of Guinness pints swam in their heads;
With mama in her ‘kerchief, and I in my cap,
We had just settled down for a bit of a nap.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
“!*\$#-it,” said I, “now what’s the matter;”
On the way to the window I stumbled and fell,
Tore open the sash and started to yell.

The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow,
Meant I’d have to shovel what lay below;
When, what to my blurry old eyes should appear,
But a ratty old sleigh and eight crapping reindeer;

With an old Scotsman driving, neither lively nor quick,
I knew in a moment this must be a trick.
Slow as a snail through the front yard he came,
And he cursed and swore in a tongue most profane:

“Now Dangit! now Darnit! now Elvis and Pete!
Stop when I tell ye, I’ve gotta take a leak!”
And then after tinkling right there in the yard,
In through our door came this drunken old lard.

He was dressed in faux fur, from his head to his foot,
His clothes were disheveled and smelled of peat soot;
His eyes—how they were bloodshot—his dimples were buried,
His cheeks were flushed and he glowed from the Sherry;

His droll little moth was drawn down in a sneer,
And the beard of his chin smelled of stale beer;
The stump of a pipe he scarce held in his teeth,
And the smoke burned my eyes— he really reeked!

He had a broad face and a rotund potbelly,
That shook when he walked, like a bowl full of jelly;
He was fat and he smelled—a right awful sight,
And I cursed when I saw him that Christmas Eve night.

With a twitch in his eye and a tick of his head,
Soon gave me to know I had much to dread;
He spoke not a word, but went strait to work,
And headed for the liquor; then turned with a jerk;

He dashed for his sleigh, for the team they were leaving,
And he chased them for a full block staggering and weaving.
But I heard him explain, ere he drove down the street,
“Blow steady me lads and drummers, GET WITH THE BEAT!”